

The Lost JAZEY.

Tune—*Shepherds I have lost my Love.*

NANCY, I have lost my Wig ;
 Have you seen my Jazey ?
 Powder'd smart, with curls so big ;
 I shall sure go crazy !
 How my skull it first forsook,
 It is past recounting ;
 Perhaps the wind away it took,
 In the air high mounting.
 Never shall I see one more
 That is equal to it ;
 Not the Lawyer's swell'd before,
 With its three tails to it ;
 Neither bag, nor bob, nor que,
 Or the Doctor's grizzle,
 Or the Tyburn top in view,
 Had half so fine a frizzle.
 Strike it on a table's verge,
 When its hair was knotted,
 In ringlets soon it would emerge,
 As tho' it ne'er was clotted :
 Flaxen, chesnut, or coal black,
 It could beat them all, fir,
 Tho' it had got a little crack,
 And greasy in the caul, fir.
 Ask the Barbers every where,
 If by chance they've found it :
 Some piss-burnt Spanish here and there,
 Does, you'll find, surround it.
 Nancy, if you find my Wig,
 Bring me back my Jazey,
 I with gratitude quite big
 Will always strive to please ye.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.